

snow-capped mountains, a critical method and nicety of instrumental manipulation are required which comparatively few travelers possess. Probably, the average barometric measurement compares favorably with the trigonometric, even if it cannot produce, as an expression of the best, an equal nicety of result.—*The New Science Review*.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.—At last an inscription has been placed over the grave of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Hitherto there has rested in Sleepy Hollow a huge boulder, brought from the open field and standing in a rugged simplicity, as a fitting memorial of the dead philosopher. So many people came to visit the grave, that it became necessary for the family to place a net-work of wire as a fence around the lot, and to close the passageway

with a locked gate. But these visitors found no inscription to satisfy their interest. This week, however, a bronze plate has been set in the stone, with the following words upon it:—

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Born in Boston, May 3, 1803,
Died in Concord, April 27, 1881.

“The passive master that lent his
hand
To the vast soul that o’er him planned.”

It is said that when the stone was chipped away to make room for this plate, every precaution was taken to avoid the carrying away of fragments that would serve simply to gratify curiosity. But a number of the chips were saved, and will be disposed of as souvenirs.—*The Critic*.

THE SOVEREIGN POET.

He sits above the clang and dust of time,
With the world’s secret trembling on his lip.
He asks not converse nor companionship
In the cold starlight where thou canst not climb.
The undelivered tidings in his breast
Suffer him not to rest.
He sees afar the immemorable throng,
And binds the scattered ages with a song.

The glorious riddle of his rhythmic breath,
His might, his spell, we know not what they be;
We only feel, whate’er he uttereth,
This savors not of death,
This hath a relish of eternity.

WILLIAM WATSON.

Spectator.